

whom he paid court "turned him down."

Just think of having a lover who told you only the truth! Think of never hearing "your eyes are like stars, your teeth like pearls, you are radiantly beautiful tonight," etc. Of course, you know that all these pretty nothings are just little love lies, but they are sure to make your courtship a thing to remember.

The most satisfactory lover in this world is the man who can lie so artistically that he believes it himself; and it is certain that the man who tells only the truth will have to do as George Washington did, and marry a widow who has probably been surfeited with the falsehoods of the husband who has gone before.

It would be rather interesting to ferret out the beginning of that "he never told a lie" tradition; for, of course, it is the greatest lie of all. No man or woman living is free from speaking untruths; we lie to our enemies occasionally, to our friends often, to those we love most of the time, and to ourselves all the time.

There never was a truer thing said than "a judicious lie is much better than the awkward truth." Those people who pride themselves on truth telling usually "handle it awkwardly"—they are sure to tell you such unpleasant things.

A clever woman once said: "I love a well turned compliment, even when I know it is a lie. It appeals to my intelligence, even if it does not flatter my vanity."

Poor old George! How much he missed if he never told what he considered a beautiful lie and then watched the other fellow to see if—in the language of the street—he was going to "put one over."

What excuse do you suppose he gave "the Mrs." when he stayed out a little later than usual? He certainly had to do as fine work as a practiced adept at the business to fool widow Curtis.

And she, poor woman, is to be pitied if he did tell her the truth on all occasions; for of all disagreeable things, the unvarnished truth is usually the most unpalatable, and to live with anyone who invariably spoke it would certainly give one a taste of the purgatory that is supposed to be the place where all good liars are relegated after death.

No, my dear, if your lover says pretty things to you that you think are untrue be glad he loves you so much that he would even stretch the truth a little to make you happy.

DEFENDS FRIEDMANN

Berlin, Feb. 22.—Prof. Schleich last night strongly defended Dr. Friederich Friedmann, discoverer of the purported tuberculosis cure, which he is carrying to America. Schleich said he had followed Friedmann's work for ten years and knew him to be reliable. He had done remarkable tuberculosis surgery before he made his germ discovery.

This is the first interview any German scientist has given in support of Friedmann.